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LITTLE PEOPLE'S READER

BY

GEORGIA A. HODSKINS

PRINCIPAL OF THE SCHOOL-STREET SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



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PREFACE.

DEAR FELLOW-TEACHERS:—

To-day no one expects a child to read and re-read one book until he knows it "by heart." All prominent educators and advanced teachers feel that we cannot have too much variety in First Grade reading.

The blackboard is well-nigh universally used for the first two or three months; but with the transition to books comes the demand for variety. The lessons in this little book were written to fill this demand in my own class, and because they proved successful there, were collected and published. The vocabulary is one with which the child is familiar orally; and, though there has been no effort made to use only words of one syllable, yet the test of actual class-work has proved it none too difficult.

If it prove helpful to you in your work, I shall feel more than repaid.

GEORGIA A. HODSKINS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

September 12, 1893.



Come here, my little doves.

Come here to me.

I will feed you.

I will give you some corn.

Do you like corn, little doves?

The hens like corn.

I gave them some to-day.

See my doves, Grace.

Papa gave them to me.



Where are you going, Tom?

I am going to feed my rabbits.

May I go with you?

Oh, yes. Come and see them.

I have three rabbits.

They are very tame.

See what long ears they have.

May I feed them, Tom?

Yes, you may give them some grass.

See them eat.

I have a dear little kitty.

Grandma gave her to me.

I call her Jet.

Would you like to see her?

Jet, Jet, Jet, come Jet, come!

Here she comes.

Oh, what a pretty kitty!

Look at that big dog.

See him run!

He will catch your kitty.

Oh no, he will not.

But he can run faster than she can.

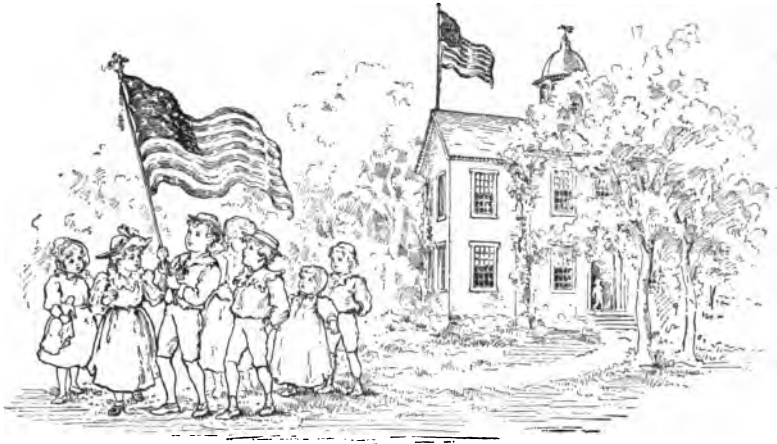
Yes, but she will run up a tree.

Then she will spit at him.

Go away, old dog!

Jet and I do not like you.

Go home, sir, go!



See our new flag.
 We got it to-day.
 Papa gave it to us.
 See it float in the air.
 It is a pretty flag.
 We love our flag.
 Have you a flag on your school-house?
 Yes, we have a flag on our school.
 It is just like your flag.
 Mr. Gray gave it to us.



This is my big fat duck.

Her name is "Waddle."

Can she swim?

Oh, yes, she loves to swim.

She can swim in the pond.

She has five little ducks.

Can the little ducks swim?

Yes, and they can say "Quack, quack,
quack."



See these little soldiers.
 How brave they look.
 Tom says he is the captain.
 He has a drum.
 I think you look more like a drummer
 boy, Tom.
 Now they march.
 Left, right, left, right.
 Keep step, May.
 Oh, Tom! See the old duck.

She is following.

Can she keep step?

She likes to follow us.

She thinks we have some corn for her.

Mamma, come and see my new swing.

Will made it for me.

It is under the old apple tree.

It is a nice swing.

I can swing myself.

See how high I go.

May I take little brother, mamma?

I will not let him fall.

He can sit beside me.

I will not swing high now.

Do you like to swing, Charlie?



Who is this little boy?

What is he trying to do?

Let us talk to him.

What is your name, sir?

My name is Harry.

I am not a little boy.

I am a big man.

See, I can wear my papa's hat.

I found it in the hall.

The name of this horse is Doctor.
 He belongs to my uncle Edward.
 My uncle is very fond of Doctor.
 Shall I tell you why?
 My uncle was a soldier.
 Doctor was with him in the war.
 Now, Doctor is too old to work; but
 my uncle will not sell him.

COPY THESE SENTENCES ON YOUR SLATE.

This is my uncle's horse.

He can not work.

He is too old.

My uncle is fond of him.

He will not sell him.



This is Maud.

She is out in the yard.

She has some corn.

She will feed the hens and chickens.

See her throw the corn to them.

See them eat it.

How many chickens can you see?

I can see five chickens and an old
white hen.

Mamma, mamma, come here.

Come quick.

See my old cat.

She is in the yard.

See her run and jump.

What has she, mamma?

Oh, it is a little mouse.

There, he has got away!

See him run.

You cannot catch him, kitty.

He has run away from you.

COPY THESE SENTENCES ON YOUR SLATE.

There, he has got away!

See him run.

You cannot catch him, kitty.



May I go skating with the boys,
mamma?

They are going to the pond.

The ice is very thick.

Yes, dear, you may go.

Put on your warm coat, and take your
mittens.

I have my skates.

I will take my sled, too.

I can give little Dick a ride.

He will like to see us.

We will have great fun.

See those two boys by the brook.

They are on a big log.

They have their fish-poles.

What kind of fish do you catch, boys?

We are trying to catch some trout.

Sister May has been sick.

She is just getting better.

She said she wished she could have a
trout for her dinner.

We came down to get her some.

Have you caught any?

Oh yes, we have three.

Mamma will cook them for May's
dinner.



It is Saturday.

I am at grandma's.

I am going to stay all day.

I am going to help grandma.

What can I do?

I can wash the dishes for her.

I can go to the barn for eggs.

See me wash the dishes.

See how dry I wipe them.

Can you help your grandma?



I am staying at grandma's, too.

I am Will.

I am not May's brother.

I am her cousin.

We like to stay with grandpa and
grandma.

May can help grandma in the house.

I am a boy.

I do not like to wash dishes.

I can help grandpa.

What can I do to help him?
I can go for the cows.
I can water the old horse.
I can help to get in the hay.
I like to ride on the hay.
So does May.
Do you? _____

Come in and see me, Grace.
Bring your doll.
I have a new doll-house.
Papa gave it to me.
This is my doll.
Her name is Kitty.
Grandma gave Kitty to me.
Have you a doll-house?
Is it as large as mine?

Mine has four rooms.

This is the bedroom.

See the bed and the cunning little
chairs.

There is a tin stove in the kitchen.

Is it not a pretty house?

Now, Grace, you and your doll must
come and call on me.

Ting-a-ling-ling. Ting-a-ling-ling.

Why, good afternoon, Miss May!

I am very glad to see you.

We have just moved.

What do you think of our new
house?

Must you go so soon?

Well, good-by.

Come again.



What is this ?

Oh, you funny dog!

Where are you going?

Is that your carriage?

How did you get him in it, Ned?

I was working in my garden.

I left my new wheelbarrow under the
apple tree.

When I went back, Dick was in it.

I patted him.

I said, "Good dog, keep still. I will
give you a ride."

Dick sat still.

He wagged his tail.

He thinks it is great fun.

He rides on my sled in winter.

Mamma, come and see Dick.

He is riding in my wheelbarrow.

COPY THESE SENTENCES ON YOUR SLATE.

Oh, you funny dog!

Where are you going?

Is that your carriage?

"Good dog, keep still."

"I will give you a ride."

My papa gave me a dog to-day.

He is white.

He wears a black collar.

His name is Rover.

Rover is a wise dog.

He knows many tricks.

He can sit up and beg.

He can walk on his hind feet.

He can carry a basket in his mouth.

I shall teach him some new tricks.

Ned has a dog that can play hide-
and-seek.

I am going to teach Rover to do that.

See this picture of Rover.

Is he not a handsome dog?

Don't you wish you had a dog like
Rover?



Look at this little girl.

Who is she?

She is my little cousin Maud.

She is just four years old.

Maud was playing in the sitting-room.

She climbed up in a chair by the
table.

What do you think she found?

A watch.

Her father had left it on the table.

See, she has it in her hand.

It says, "Tick, tick, tick."

Be very careful Maud, or you will
break it.

I do not think papa would like to
have you take it, dear.

I would put it back.

Then I would run and tell papa that
he left it.

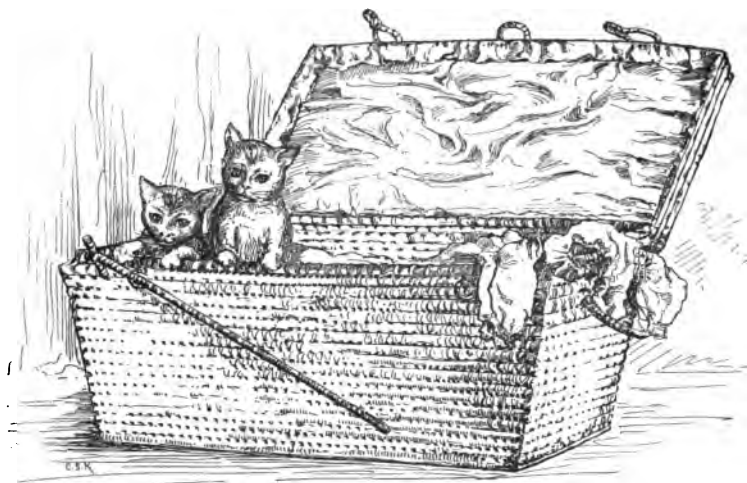
WRITE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS ON YOUR SLATE.

Who is this little girl?

How old is she?

What has she in her hand?

Where did she find it?



Look at us.

We are old Pussy White-toe's kittens.

We are twins, and we are exactly
alike.

So I wear pink ribbons, and Tuck
wears blue ones.

My name is Nip.

We are going to see little lame Katie
Gray.

Our mistress will take us over and
back in this basket.

Katie will be glad to see us.

We often go to see her, for Katie and
our mistress are good friends.

To-day is Saturday.

Nell is coming to see me.

We are going to have great fun.

We are going to make some candy.

Mamma says we may.

Here is Nell.

Come out in the kitchen, Nell.

When our candy is done, we will
give you some.

We like to make candy.

Do you?

Who are these children ?

The boy is Ben Clark.

The girl is his cousin, May Brown.

May has her hoop in her hand.

And what has Ben ?

He has a new top.

It is a red one.

What will your top do, Ben ?

Oh, it will spin and hum.

It is a large top.

Where did you get it ?

I bought it at the store.

I paid five cents for it.

May I take it, Ben ?

Yes, May, I will let you take it, if you
will let me roll your hoop.

I will show you how to spin my top.



This is our baby.

Her name is Grace.

She has a cradle to sleep in.

I can rock her to sleep in it.

I love my little sister dearly.

I like to play with her.

I let her take my ball.

She throws it on the floor.

Then kitty runs for it.

The ball rolls when kitty hits it with
her paw.

Then Grace laughs.

I spin my top to please her.

She likes to see it spin.

She says m,m,m, when she hears it
hum.

Have you a little sister?

What is her name?

Do you love her as much as I love
Grace?

It is a cold Christmas day.

The ground is covered with snow.

How happy Paul and Eva look.

They are going to see their Aunt
Lucy.

It is a long walk ; but they will not
be cold.

See their warm coats and their new
mittens.

When Aunt Lucy comes to the door
they will call out, “Merry
Christmas.”

Then they will give her the bag you
see in their hands.

They do not know what she has for
them ; but I do.

I will tell you.

She has a nice new sled for Paul,
and a tea-set for Eva.

Paul will draw Eva home on his
new sled.

She will have a nice ride.

Then they will show their presents
to mamma.

See this baby boy

Who is he?

He is my little brother Harold.

He is just a year old.

Shall I tell you something about him?

He cannot walk much yet.

He creeps about on his hands and
knees.

He will walk a little if you keep
hold of his hands.

He says, "Papa" and "Mamma."

He calls pussy, "Kit, kit, kit," but
she runs away.

She is afraid he will hurt her.

He does not mean to hurt Kitty.

He does not know that his little
fingers pull her fur.



It is Christmas Day.

Belle and Harold could scarcely go
to sleep last night.

This morning they were up before
light.

They ran down stairs and found their
stockings.

Then they sat down and looked at
their presents.

So many pretty things, they found.
 I'll not try to tell you all.
 Belle had a new doll.
 She calls it Helen.
 Harold had some colored pencils.
 He will write the name of Belle's
 new doll on his blackboard with
 his new red pencil.

WRITE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS ON YOUR SLATE.

Who are these children?

*Why did they get up so early this
 morning?*

Where were their presents?

What did they have?

I have a leaf.

It is a maple leaf.

I know it by its shape.

I found it under the tree.

The wind blew it off.

This leaf is green.

In the fall, the maple leaves will
turn red and yellow.

They are very pretty then.

See the veins in my leaf.

There are five big veins.

We call them ribs.

There are many little veins.

I can make a picture of my leaf.

Can you?

May has a leaf, too.

It is not like mine.

The veins are not the same.

It has only one big vein.

That is in the middle of the leaf.

We call it the mid-rib.

The little veins run from the mid-
rib to the edges of the leaf.

This is a feather-veined leaf.

What kind of a tree did it grow
on, May?

It grew on an elm tree.

The leaves of the chestnut tree are
feather-veined, too.

I can draw a picture of an elm leaf.

The elm trees do not put on such
bright-colored fall dresses as
the maples.

Their leaves turn brown, and fall off.

Good morning, my little girl.

What is your name?

My name is Margaret, but my mamma
calls me Daisy.

She says daisies are my flowers.

My mamma loves daisies, and so do I.

I am going down to the brook.

See the old duck follow me.

Do you know why?

She knows what I have in my apron.

Just see them.

I am going to put them in the water.

Little ducks like the water.

They will have a nice time in the
brook.

They will swim and dive.

Will you go with me?

We will stand on the bridge and
watch them.

It is fun to see them swim.

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

How many toes has a duck?

How many toes has a hen?

Are the duck's legs long or short?

What kind of feet has the duck?

What other birds have webbed feet?

Can a hen swim?

What do hens eat?

What do ducks eat?

Can you make a picture of a hen's bill?



Here is a boat on the pond.

Who are in the boat?

Harold and his sister Bertha.

Harold has a fish-pole and a basket.

May we see what is in your basket?

Oh yes, look and see my fish.

I shall give them to mamma.

She will fry them for dinner.

Did you catch some fish, too, Bertha?

No. I had no fish-pole.

I saw two turtles.

They were on a log out on the
pond.

When they saw us they swam away.

I pulled some water-lilies.

Look at their long stems.

Some are red and some are green.

See how sweet they are.

I pulled some leaves too.

Harold calls them lily-pads.

They are red on the under side.

The upper side is green.

Would you like some of my lilies?

They are closing now; but they will
open to-morrow morning.

Thank you, Bertha.

I will take them home to my sister.



David is a little city boy.

He is eight years old.

He goes to school every day.

Last spring David had the measles.

As soon as he was better, he wanted
to go back to school; but his
eyes were weak.

What could he do?

He must not read.

He must not even look at pictures.

He must not draw or write on his slate.

“It will hurt your eyes,” said mamma. Poor little boy.

It was very hard.

“What can I do, mamma?” said he at last.

“I think you may go and stay with grandpa till your eyes are better,” she said.

“Oh what fun,” said David, “When can I go?”

To-morrow, if it is pleasant.

Then I will go and get my spade and rake and my little wheelbarrow. Grandpa will let me have a garden, I know.

And off he ran to get them ready.

The next day was pleasant.

So David started for grandpa's.

Grandpa lives on a farm.

David stayed out-of-doors all day long.

He fished in the brook.

He watched the men milk.

He led the horses to the brook for
a drink.

He worked in his garden.

He fed the pigs.

He hunted for eggs for grandma.

He drove the cows to pasture every
morning.

He went after them at night.

Rover helped him drive the cows.

Rover is grandpa's big dog.

One day grandpa called him to the barn.

“See here,” said grandpa.

And what do you think he saw?

Ten little baby pigs.

Nine were white and one was black.

“You may have the black one,
David,” said grandpa.

How pleased David was.

Grandpa laughed at his new pet; but

David liked him just the same.

What do you think he named him?

“Grunter.” Can you guess why?

David’s eyes are better now.

He is coming home soon.

Then he will tell you ever so many
stories about Grunter.

Where have you been, Ned?

I have been to the store for sugar.

Will you come in and see my white rabbits?

Just as soon as I carry the sugar home.

Well, I'll stay here and play with them till you come back.

"How many rabbits have you, Sidney?" said Ned, as he came back.

Seven. Two big ones and five little ones.

Look at the old gray one.

I call her Bunny.

The other big one is Jack.

I haven't named the little ones yet.

They have pink eyes.

We will feed them.

What do they eat?

Oh, we will give them an apple and
some cabbage leaves.

Have you any rabbits?

No, but I have some white mice.

Good morning, good people.

Do you know me?

Aunt May didn't this morning.

Shall I tell you why?

To-day is my birthday.

I am five years old.

What do you think I had for a
birthday present?

A new suit.

Not a dress.

No, a jacket and trousers and pockets
in them.

Just see, one on each side.

Papa gave me a new pair of boots.

They are just like brother Ned's.

I am almost as big as Ned now.

He is twelve years old.

He goes to school every day.

I am going to-morrow.

See my new slate.

Papa took me to the barber this
morning.

Mamma didn't want my hair cut, but
I did.

Girls wear curls.

Boys don't.

The barber cut off my curls.

That is why Aunt May didn't know
me.

I am going to see grandma now.

She will say, "I don't know this
great boy.

Who can he be?"

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS ON YOUR SLATE.

How old is this little boy?

How old is his brother Ned?

Why has he a new suit to-day?

What kind of a suit is it?

What will grandma say to him?

Where is he going to-morrow?



Mollie and Ralph are just coming home.

They have been to walk in the woods. Mamma said, "Baby is not well to-day.

I want to rock him to sleep; but it is too noisy.

Why don't you and Ralph go to walk?"

“May we go to the saw-mill?” said
Ralph.

“Yes, but be home to dinner,” said
mamma.

Mollie got her doll-carriage, and off
they started.

They went to the mill.

They saw the men at work.

They watched them saw the logs
into planks.

They played in the clean saw-dust.

Then they went into the woods, back
of the mill.

They found some pretty wild-flowers.

They are taking them to mamma.

See, Ralph has some in his hands!

How is Mollie carrying hers?

See my old hen.

Her name is Speckle.

Speckle has a nest.

She hid it.

I looked everywhere for it.

I could not find it.

But this morning I did find it.

Where do you think it was?

In the barn on the floor of old Dobbin's stall.

Shouldn't you think he would have stepped on it?

He hadn't.

It is back in the corner.

Father will put Dobbin in another stall to-day.

The nest is made of hay.

It is soft and nice.

There are twelve smooth white eggs
in the nest.

By-and-by Speckle will have some
little chickens.

Then we will put her in a coop in
the yard.

Will you come in and see her on
her nest?

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

*Did you ever make a visit in the
country?*

Whom did you go to see?

What did you do?

Did you find a hen's nest?



It is Saturday morning.

Jennie is going to spend the day
with her little friend Cora.

It is a bright June day.

The sun is hot.

So Jennie has taken her parasol.

Her mamma said, "Stop at the store
and tell Mr. James to bring me
some crackers."

Jennie likes to do errands.

She will not forget.

Then she will go on to Cora's house.

What a pleasant time they will have together!

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

What day is it?

Where is Jennie going?

Why does she carry her parasol?

What did her mother tell her to do?

Does she like to do errands?

Will she remember?

What kind of a day will she have?

This is Marion's hen.

She has nine chickens.

You can see only five.

The rest are behind the barn.

Yesterday they were at play.

Mrs. Biddy was watching them.

She felt very proud of the little
fluffy things.

All at once she saw a hawk high in
the air.

He was looking for his breakfast.

Poor Mrs. Biddy called "Cluck, cluck,"
as loud as she could.

Old Sir Cock came out to see what
the matter was.

The chickens ran as fast as their
little legs could carry them.

But poor little Downy-head ran so fast that he fell down.

The hawk would have caught him ;
but old Sir Cock crowed so loud
and so long that Marion ran out.

The hawk flew away without his
breakfast.

Poor little Downy-head was so frightened that he will not leave his
mother to-day.

Can you find him ?

There he is under Mrs. Biddy's wing.
You can see his little downy head
just peeping out.

That is right, little Downy-head.

Mother Biddy will take care of you.
No hawk will touch you now.

It is March now; but it is cold yet.
There is snow on the ground.

It looks like winter; but I think
spring is coming.

Pussy Willow says it is.

She knows. Here she is.

Good morning, Miss Pussy Willow.

We are very glad to see you.

What a pretty gray fur hood you
wear.

Is that brown thing your coat?

No, it is my blanket.

It has kept me warm all winter.

Now that spring is coming, I push
out my head.

See, my yellow curls are beginning
to show.

Very soon I shall not need my
blanket.

Then it will drop off.

The bees will come for my pollen.

They like it to make bee-bread.

Did you ever see them carry the
pollen off in their funny baskets?

WRITE THE ANSWERS ON YOUR SLATE.

Is March a winter month?

Does it seem like spring yet?

*Who has come to tell us that spring
is coming?*

How is she dressed?

Who will come for her pollen?

Who am I?

I am Gretchen.

I am a little German girl; but I live
in America.

I do not remember my German home.
I was only a year old when we came
to America.

Grandma tells me stories about Ger-
many.

My grandma cannot talk as you do.
She would not know what you said.
She can speak only German.

I can speak both English and
German.

I have an older sister.

Her name is Katrina.

She tells me stories about the ship.

She says we were on the ocean two weeks.

They could see nothing but the water and the sky.

Sometimes they saw other great, white ships a long way off.

They watched the sea birds flying far over their heads.

One day they saw some whales.

I want to go to Germany some day. If I do, I will write you about what I see.

Come in and see me now.

I will show you my box of German toys.

They do not look like yours.

Auntie sent them to me Christmas.



It is vacation.

Carl and Raymond are staying at
Uncle John's for a week.

To-morrow they are going home.

"Let us go fishing," said Carl.

"All right," said Raymond.

"Where shall we go?"

"We will go down to the bridge.

Will you carry the poles?"

“Oh yes, and you take the basket.”

So they went down to the bridge.

See them there.

I wonder if Raymond will catch the
fish we see in the water.

Where is Carl's pole?

I think he has it in his hand.

Perhaps he is putting a worm on his
hook.

“What will you do with your fish,
boys?”

“We will eat them for dinner.”

Just see this big boy.

I will tell you about him.

His name is Carl.

Have you ever seen him before?

He has a brother Raymond.

I think I told you how he and
Raymond went fishing.

That was two years ago.

It is vacation again.

This year they are visiting grandpa.
Grandpa lives on a farm too; but the
farm is at the sea-side.

The boys came a week ago.

They are going to stay all summer.

To-day grandpa said, "John you may
hitch up Dobbin.

I am going to drive to the point."

The point is three miles away.

"Why don't you take the boys?"
said grandma.

Grandma always thinks of the boys.

“I can’t take but one,” said grandpa.

“Let Raymond go,” said Carl.

“I went fishing with John in the boat
yesterday.”

So Raymond went to ride with
grandpa.

Carl was a little lonesome.

He fed the ducks for grandpa.

He watched John plough.

After a little while, he came into the
house.

“Think I’ll stay with you,” he said.

Grandma laughed.

“Did I hear some little boys say
they wanted sails for their
boats?” she asked.

Bring the boats here and I will see
what I can do.

Grandma made the sails.

“Thank you grandma,” said Carl.

“It is almost time for grandpa and
Raymond to come home.

May I go down to the beach and
wait for them?”

“Yes,” said she.

So you see him there.

How pretty the boats look.

How surprised Raymond will be to
see the boats all finished.

“Do they sail well, Carl?”

“Oh, yes, grandma knows just how
to make the sails.

She does everything just right.”



Here come grandpa and Raymond.

“Why grandpa, see Carl,” said
Raymond.

“May I get out here?”

Thank you for my nice ride.”

“Who made the sails, Carl?”

“Grandma. Aren’t they nice ones?
See how straight they sail.

What are you going to name your
boat?

I am going to call mine ‘The Sea Gull.’”

“That’s a pretty name.

What made you think of it?”

“I saw one yesterday when we were out in the boat.

Cousin May said it sailed just like a boat, and I said, ‘I’ll name my boat, The Sea Gull.’”

“What shall I call mine?”

“You might call it ‘The Eagle.’”

“No, I’ll call it ‘The Raven.’

I’ll ask John to paint the name on the side for me.”

“Good. Your boat is red; ask him to paint the name black.

Ravens are black, you know.

Sea Gulls are white.

I think white letters will look pretty
on my blue boat.

There's grandma's dinner-bell.

We must go home.

You bring 'The Raven' and I'll take
'The Sea Gull.' ”

The boys took their boats and ran
to the house.

First they went to the kitchen.

There they washed their faces and
hands.

Then they combed their hair.

When they came to the table,
grandma said, “Tell me about
your ride, Raymond.

Did you have a nice time?"

Oh yes, grandma.

We had a nice time.

We took the road along the beach.

Old Dobbin went so close to the
water that the waves wet his
feet.

He shied, but he didn't run.

Isn't he a good old horse?

When we reached the Point, grandpa
drove up to Mr. Brown's house.

He wanted to talk with him, so he
told me to go out and play.

"Here, young man," said Mr. Brown,
"run into the house.

You'll find something there to play
with."

So I went in.

Mrs. Brown was making cookies.

She gave me one.

I told her what Mr. Brown said.

She took me to the shed door.

I looked behind it.

There was a basket and four little
kittens in it.

The old cat sat on the floor.

Two kittens were black.

One was gray and the fourth was
yellow.

That one was the prettiest, and it
was very playful.

Mrs. Brown said I might have it,
when it was a little older, if
you were willing.

Are you willing, grandma?

Then grandpa and Mr. Brown came
in.

Grandpa looked at the kittens.

Then he said, "It is getting late.

We must hurry home.

Grandma doesn't like to have us late
to dinner."

Mrs. Brown gave me some cookies
to eat on the way home.

Grandpa let me drive most of the
way.

Didn't I have a nice time, grandma?
Grandma laughed and said, "I think
you did.

Carl and I had a nice time too.

Have you seen the boats?"

THE STORY A LITTLE GIRL WROTE

This is a little pine tree.

John found it in the woods.

He dug it up and brought it to
school.

We put it in a big pot of earth.

Now we are writing all we know
about it.

The pine tree has roots and a trunk.
It has branches with leaves growing
on them.

The roots are under the ground.

They are long and tough.

The tree eats with its roots.

The trunk is above ground.

It is tall and straight.

The leaves are long, slim and sharp.
They look so much like needles, that
we call them pine needles.

The needles grow in little clusters.

The pine is an evergreen tree.

That means it is green all the year.

We are going to plant this tree in
our school yard.

I hope it will grow to be a big tree.

WRITE THE ANSWERS ON YOUR SLATE.

What kind of a tree is the pine?

Do you know any other evergreen trees?

What three parts has a tree?

Of what use are the roots?

What shape are the leaves?

Bow, wow, wow. Who are you, sir?
No, you needn't say, "There, there,
good dog."

I sha'n't be still.

I am going to bark till my master
comes.

He ought to know that you are
here.

If he wishes to let you in, all right.
There he comes.

He says, "Be still, Jack."

So you are one of his friends.

All right, I am sorry I troubled you,
sir; but this is my business, to
let him know when folks come.

My master is very kind to me, and I
work very hard for him.

Would you like to know what else I
do ?

I drive the chickens out of the flower-
beds.

I chase away all the stray cats.

I bark at all the horses that go by.

I play with baby Ralph and make
him laugh.

I bring in the morning-paper.

I carry my master's umbrella for him.

I carry my mistress's shopping bag for
her.

I go to the store with a basket in
my mouth and bring home the
meat.

The meat-man always puts in a bone
for me.

One day I was very hungry.

I saw my bone in the basket, so I thought, "I will eat it now."

I set the basket down carefully and took out my bone and gnawed it.

Then I picked up the basket and went home.

I don't like the cook.

She said to my mistress, "That dog has had his nose in the basket."

I didn't like to be called, "That dog," and I didn't like the whipping my mistress gave me.

So, now, I bring my basket directly home.

My bones taste better here.



“I shall be six to-morrow,” said little Rose.

“May I have a birthday party, mamma?”

“Whom do you wish to invite to your party, Rose?”

“Oh, I want Jennie Brown, and May and Susie Clark.”

“Yes, dear. If it is pleasant you may ask them to come.

Then you can have your supper under the big tree.”

It was pleasant, and such a nice time
as the little girls had.

They played house with umbrellas for
houses.

You can see them in the picture.

They played till tea-time.

Then they helped Nora set the table
under the tree.

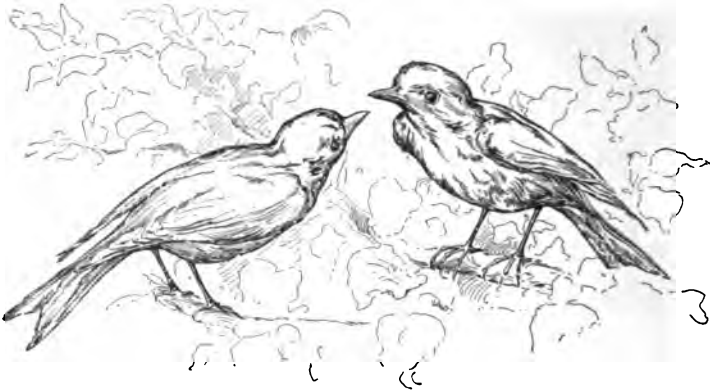
After tea they played hide-and-seek.

Then Rose's father drove up to the
door.

He gave the little girls a nice ride
and then left them at their own
homes.

"We have had a very nice time," said
the little visitors.

"So have I," said Rose.



Good morning, little children.

Do you know me?

I am Mr. Bluebird.

See my blue coat and my red vest.

I have just come back from the South.

Mrs. Bluebird and I go South every
fall.

It is too cold for us to stay here all
winter.

She has not come North yet.

I could not wait for her.

How would you know that spring was
coming unless I came back and
told you?

Mrs. Bluebird will come very soon.
Then we will go to house-keeping.
She will build our nest.

I will go with her and watch her
while she makes it.

I will sing her my sweetest song.
After it is built, she will lay some eggs
in it, four or five light-blue eggs.

Then she will sit on them.

I will bring her worms to eat.

By and by the little birds will come
out of the eggs.

Then we will both feed them and care
for them.

BESSIE'S CALLER.

It was Monday.

Bessie's mamma was washing.

Bessie was washing her doll's clothes.

I am afraid she was a little in the way.

By and by she said, "May I have a
cookie?"

Mamma gave her two cookies, and
she sat down on the doorstep to
eat them.

She had just taken a bite of one cookie,
when a big white dog walked in
and sat down in front of her.

"Go away!" said Bessie.

But he didn't go away.

He came nearer.

Then he stood up on his two feet.
Bessie was afraid, and called her
mamma.

“He wants a piece of your cooky,
Bessie,” she said.

“I will bring you another, and you
may feed him.”

So Bessie gave him some cookies to
eat.

Pretty soon a stranger came into the
yard.

“Rover,” he said, “why did you run
away?”

Then he saw Bessie.

He told her that Rover was his little
boy’s dog.

“We live across the street,” he said.

“We moved there on Saturday.
Ask your mamma if you cannot come
over and play with Rover and his
little master.

My little Johnnie is lame.
Rover is his only playmate.
Johnnie was afraid he was lost.
So I went to our old house.
He was not there.
When I came back, I saw him in
your yard.”

Bessie soon went to see Johnnie.
They grew to be great friends.
Bessie often laughs to think how
Rover frightened her at first.
She and Johnnie have taught him
many tricks.

MAJOR AND CAPTAIN.

Maud Leslie was eight years old last October.

What do you think she had on her birthday?

A party? No.

Poor little Maud had been sick for a long time, and was not yet well enough to run about and play with the other children.

She had been very patient and her papa thought, I will get something for Maud that she will not tire of; something that will amuse her when her mamma is busy.

Would you like to know what he took
home to his little daughter?

A little pug dog.

Maud was delighted.

She said, "I shall call him Major."

That same day one of Maud's play-
mates brought her a cunning little
kitten.

Maud was afraid that Major would hurt
the kitten, but they lived together
very happily.

Maud called the kitten "Captain."

One day last week she found them
sleeping cosily together in her
mamma's best bonnet.

How cunning they looked.

Mamma did not think so.



This is Jennie Adams.

She is very fond of pets, and she has
a great many.

Some of her pets are very pretty.

Some of them are very funny.

Would you like to hear something
about them?

She has a little black dog.

He plays ball with Jennie.

Jennie throws the ball.

Ned runs and takes it in his mouth
and brings it back to her.

Then he barks as if to say, "Throw it
again, Jennie."

Jennie has a kitten too.

Her kitten's name is Malta.

She is a gray kitten.

She and Ned are great friends.

But Jennie has one other pet.

You can never guess what.

You think you could?

Try.

A bird?

A rabbit?

A white mouse?

No. I knew you could not guess.

It is a toad.

His home is under the back steps.

Jennie has some roses beside the back
steps.

Every evening, after supper, she waters
them.

One evening she saw a great toad
sitting beside the rose bushes.

When he saw her, he hopped under
the steps.

The next evening he was there again.

Jennie did not go down the steps, as
usual.

She stood on the piazza.

She took her waterpot and sprinkled
her flowers.

Some of the water fell on Mr. Toad.

Did he hop away?

No, he stood still.

He acted as if he liked it.

I wonder if he thought it was raining.

After that the toad came every evening.

He soon grew to be very tame.

He would let Jennie come very near
him.

If you go to see Jennie, I think she
will show you “Sir Jumping
Jack.”

Do you know how she calls him?

She sprinkles some water close to the
door of his house.

If he is at home he hops out to see
her.

Did you ever hear of a toad for a pet?



“Oh sister, we had such a pleasant time this afternoon!”

“What did you do, dear?”

“Well, it was Friday afternoon, you know.

Miss May said she would tell us a story.

She told us such a nice one.

It was true, too.

She said she went out to make some calls, one day in August.

Under a maple-tree she met a great, green caterpillar.

He was as long as her fore-finger.

He was light green with little spots on his sides.

He was crawling along in a great hurry.

Miss May wanted him; but she had no box to carry him home in.

What do you think she did?

She opened her handkerchief and spread it out in front of him.

The caterpillar crawled up on it.

Miss May picked it up and went on.

Think of making a call with a caterpillar in your handkerchief!

When she reached home she got a box. She put some maple leaves in it.

Then she opened her handkerchief.

But something strange had happened. The caterpillar had tied it about him with fine threads.

Then she knew he was ready to spin his cocoon.

She put him in the box.

She put in a stout branch, to which he could fasten his cocoon.

But the caterpillar wanted her handkerchief.

He didn't like the box and the leaves. Miss May watched him two hours.

He would not spin.

Then the supper bell rang.

Miss May was afraid he would get
away.

So she put a piece of mosquito net
over the box.

She pinned it on.

She went down to supper.

What do you think she found when
she came back?

Mr. Caterpillar had crawled up on the
net.

He had begun to spin.

He was working so busily making his
winter cradle!

He worked all night.

In the morning he was out of sight.

He had drawn the maple leaves up
under him.

He had drawn the mosquito net down
to meet the leaves.

He had spun his silky cocoon between.

Miss May showed us the cocoon.

She says next spring it will open.

A beautiful moth will come out.

She is going to keep the cocoon at
school.

Then we can watch it open.

Do you know what a moth is?

It looks like a big butterfly.

She showed us a picture of one.

It flies by night instead of by day.

Have you ever seen one?

Did you see it leave the cocoon?"



Spring is here.

The snow is gone.

May and Bessie found some pussy-
willows last week.

To-day Tom called them to the window
to see a robin.

Yesterday was Saturday.

It rained hard; so hard, the girls could
not go out of doors.

In the morning they cleared up their doll-house.

Then they played with their paper dolls.

The morning was pretty long and, after dinner, they teased mamma to tell them what to do.

“Wait till I’ve finished the dishes,” she said.

“We’ll help you,” they both cried.

So May wiped them and Bessie put them carefully away.

Then they went into the other room.

Mamma stepped to the closet.

She climbed up in a chair.

She found a big white box on the top shelf.

Then she found two small boxes, and some envelopes.

“I am going to sort my seeds for my flower-garden,” she said.

“I will give you, each, one of these boxes and some envelopes.

You may have some seeds.

Put the seeds in the envelopes.

Write the names nicely on the outside, and put your own name on your box.”

The girls ran for their pencils.

They wrote their names on the boxes.

Then they sat down by mamma.

She gave them each six papers of seeds.

Would you like to know what?

Pansies, asters, sweet-peas, phlox,
candy-tuft, and mignonette.

“You may plant the pansies in a box
to-day,” she told them.

“They will bloom earlier if you plant
them in the house.

I will get Tom to bring in some boxes
filled with dirt.

We will watch and see whose seeds
come up first.

As soon as it is a little warmer, Tom
shall dig up the garden.

You may each have a flower-bed of
your own this year.”

“How nice!” said the girls.

“You shall see what fine gardeners we
will be.”

See this great dog.

Don't you think the little girl standing
beside him loves him ?

I am sure she does, and I will tell you
why.

When Lillian's little brother Ray was
three years old, their papa and
mamma took them to the sea-side
to spend the summer.

Colonel went with them.

Colonel is the dog.

Such fine times as they had playing
in the sand !

They found pretty shells and stones
on the beach.

They watched the funny little crabs
running about.

They made houses in the wet sand.
They threw sticks far out into the water, and called to Colonel to swim out after them.

He would rush into the water, swim out and find the stick; then he would take it in his mouth and bring it back to Lillian.

One day Lillian and little Ray went down to the beach alone.

Colonel followed them.

They were going in bathing, and were waiting for their papa to go with them.

They went in wading.

Ray saw a pretty shell and stooped to pick it up.

A big wave came up behind him and swept him out a little way.

Lillian was too far away to help him, but Colonel ran in, caught hold of his dress with his teeth, and pulled him out.

Do you wonder Lillian loves him?

WRITE THE ANSWERS ON YOUR SLATE.

Where did Lillian and Ray spend the summer?

Who went with them?

How did Colonel play with Lillian?

What happened one day while Ray was wading?

What did Colonel do?



This is Johnnie Gray.

He is my cousin.

We are staying at grandma's.

We have fine times together.

What do you suppose we found this
morning?

Such a funny nest.

What was it?

I'll tell you all about it.

Yesterday noon grandma said, "Boys,
'Old Guinea' has hidden her nest.

If you will find it, I will give you
each five cents."

We hunted all the afternoon.

I was rather tired.

I said, "I don't believe we can find
it, grandma."

"Yes, we can," said Johnnie.

This morning we fed the hens.

Johnnie wanted to.

I didn't see why.

There was "Old Guinea."

"Oh, you sly old bird," I said.

"Hush," said Johnnie.

"There she goes. Come."

She went down the lot.

We crept after her very quietly.

We followed her a long way.

We found the nest.

There were eight eggs in it.

What do you suppose the nest was?

Why, an old straw hat.

How Johnnie laughed.

“Where did you get my hat, Mrs. Guinea?” he said.

“Is it your hat?” I asked.

“Yes; I lost it before you came.

The wind blew it off one day when
I was chasing Rover, and I could
not find it.

Now we will go home.

We will tell grandma about your nest,
Mrs. Guinea.

She will keep watch of you.

I will let you keep my hat.”



This is Mr. Swallow-tail.

We would not like such a name.

He does not care.

I am not sure that he knows what we
call him.

He is a butterfly, you see.

He gets his name from his funny-
shaped wings.

This is a black swallow-tail.

Some of them are yellow.

They are all fond of clover.

I found this one in the meadow.

He was on a head of red clover.

He was drinking honey.

He was so busy that he did not see me.

Mr. Swallow-tail was not always a
butterfly.

He was a caterpillar a little while ago,
a green caterpillar, with black
bands and golden spots.

His home was a caraway plant.

The caraway leaves were his food.

He ate and ate till he could eat no more.

Then he crawled up the side of our
house.

He spun a little thread of silk, much
as the spider spins his web.

Then he fastened himself to the house
with the silk.

He turned into a chrysalis.

He went to sleep.

He took such a long nap.

He slept all winter.

A few days ago he woke.

He crawled out of his shell.

He went to sleep, a caterpillar.

He woke up, a butterfly.

Isn't he a beauty?

If you can find some caterpillars, we
will put them in some boxes and
feed them.

We will watch to see what they do.
Perhaps some of them will spin cocoons
before they change to chrysalides.

THE SQUIRREL'S WINTER HOME.

“Papa and I went out to walk.
We came to a big chestnut-tree.
There were some nuts under it.
I began to pick up the nuts.
Papa said, ‘Hark! Keep still.’
I looked up.
There was a little striped squirrel.
I kept very still.
It looked at me.
It ran down the wall.
It picked up some nuts.
It did not eat them.
It crowded them into its mouth with
its little paws.
Then it ran away.

How fat its cheeks looked.

Where was it going, mamma?

What did he do with the nuts?

Papa said you would tell me."

"I think he was going to take them
to his winter home.

Some squirrels sleep in their nests all
winter.

So they do not need any food.

The little striped squirrel is too lively
for that.

So he builds him a house under-ground.

It has a long hall that leads into a
parlor.

The floor of the parlor is covered
with a nice carpet of dry moss
or grass.

The pantry opens out of the parlor.
It is a very large pantry for so small
a house.

Here the little squirrel stores away nuts
enough to last him all winter.

He puts the nuts he finds into two
little bags inside of his mouth.

He crowds them full with his paws.
Then he runs home to his pantry.

There he empties his bags.

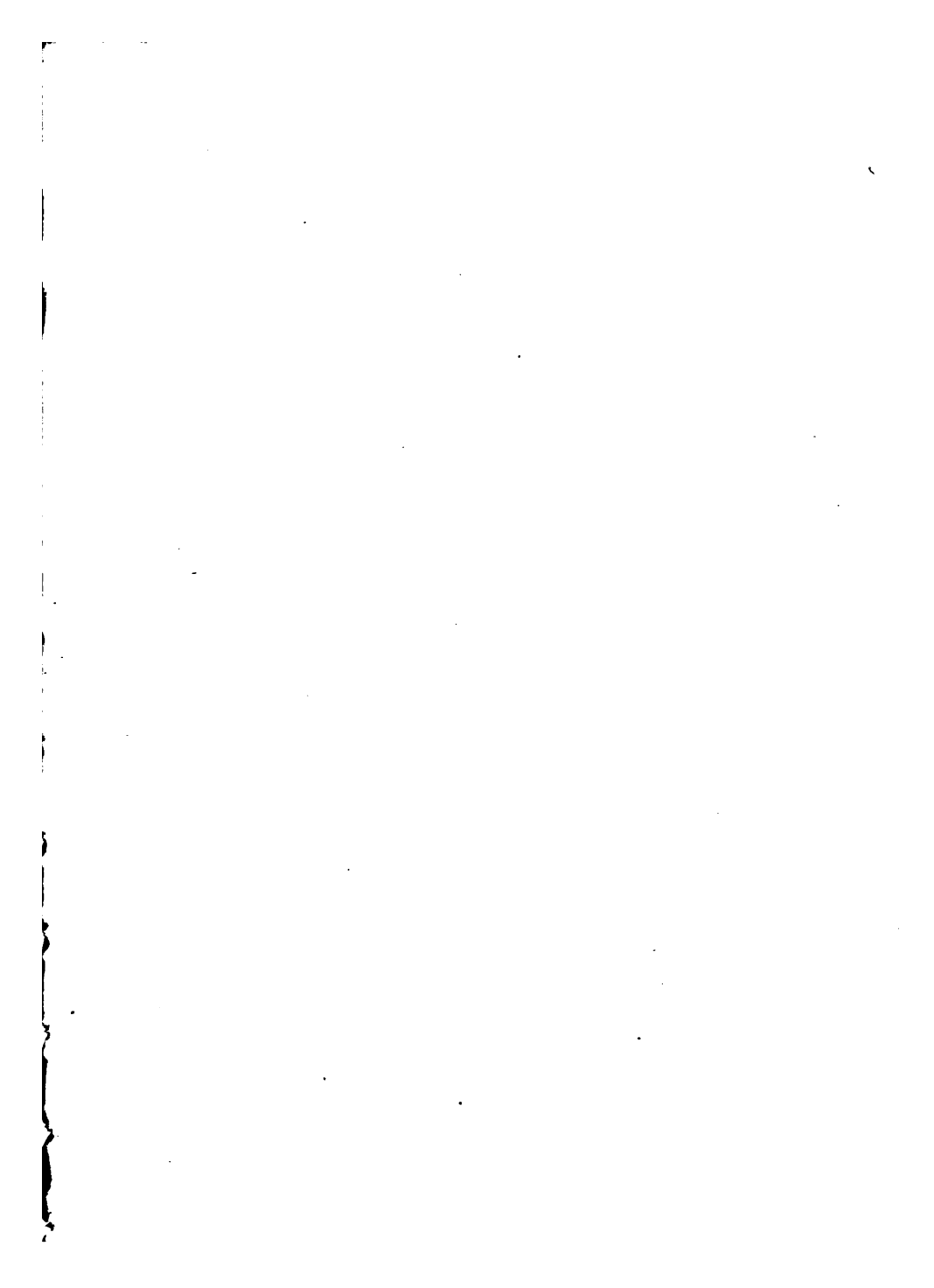
It is very funny to see him do it.

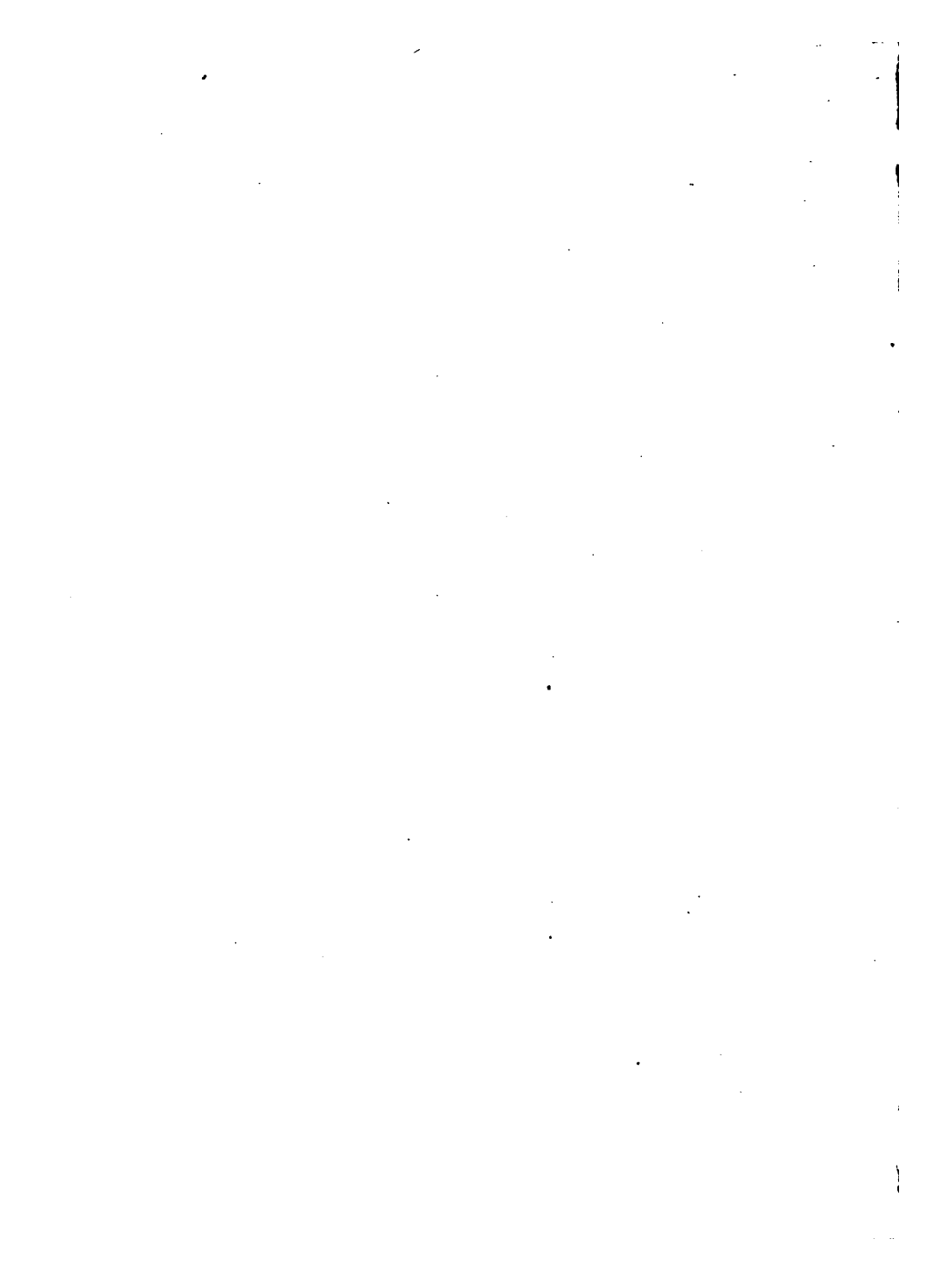
First he opens his mouth.

Then he puts his forepaws behind the
bags on the outside.

He pushes everything out of the bags
and packs it away in his pantry.

Isn't he a wise little fellow?"





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